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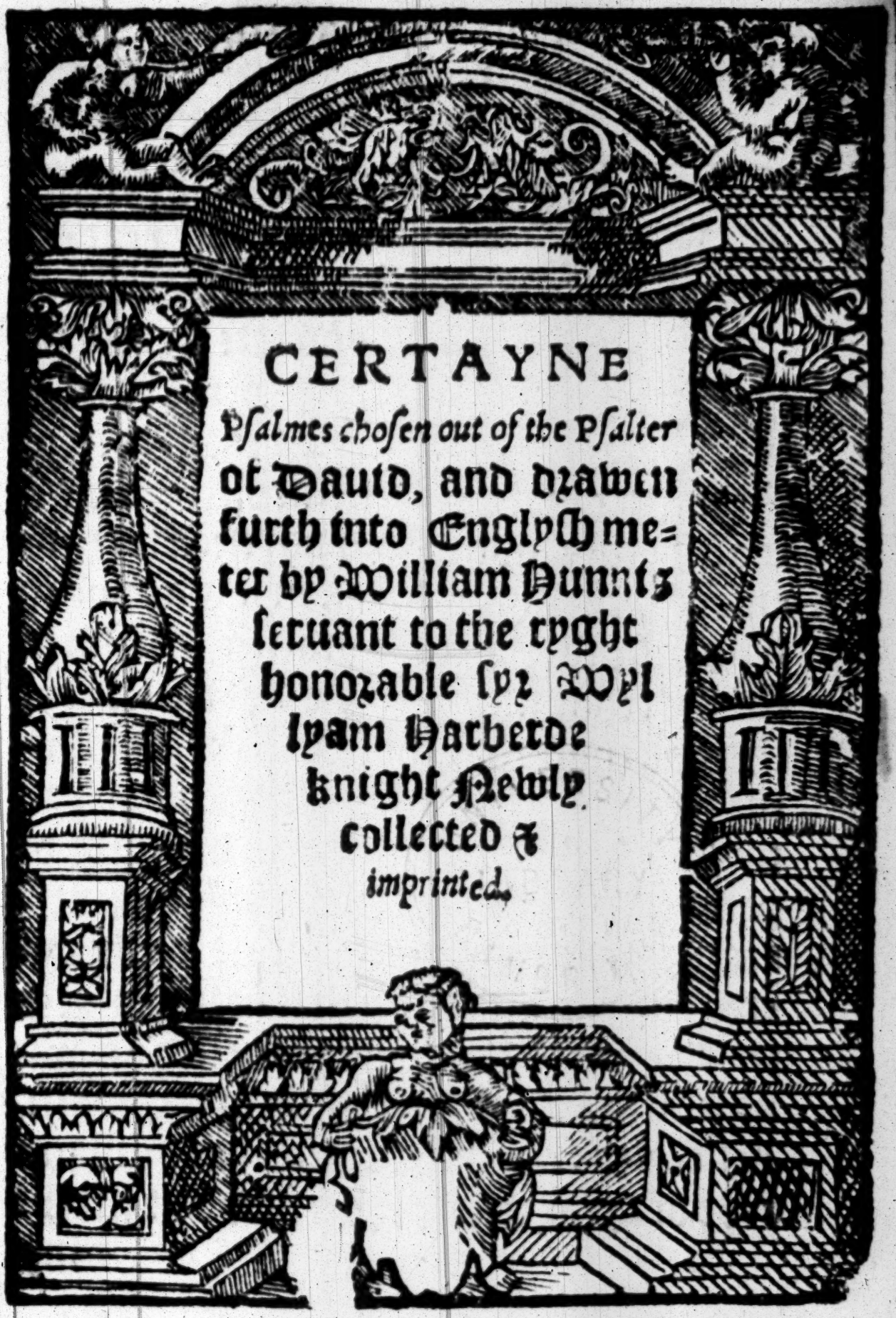

CERTAYNE

Pſalmes choſen out of the Pſalter of Dauid, and drawen furth into Englyſh meter by William Hunnis ſeruant to the ryght honorable ſyr Wyllyam Harberde knight Newly collected & imprinted.

Wyllyam Hunnis to the teader.

I haue here picked oute (moost gentyll teader) these psalmes folowing which no late wryter hath hytherto touched, & yet for the excelleney of the matter in them conteined, semed most worthy this labour and payne. And this enterpryce I haue taken in hande not intendynge therby anye praises or glorye shulde redounde vnto me but chefly for thys purpose that those, whiche in psalmes and pleasaunt songes hathe delyte, myghte hereof receiue some pleasure or profyt. Rede them therfore moost gentyl teader with iudgement iudge with discresion. And although that in som places they be not so eloquentlye turned as par aduenture the matter of them requireth, yet for the ensuing profit that doth proceede of them, reiecte them not, but accepte my

my good wyll, which wholye endeuored my selfe and go about to satisfye, and to accomplyshe thy desyre to profyt euerye man and dysprofit in no wise, which thing yf I do obtayne, I haue that I loke for, yf not, yet I ought to be pardoned, forasmuche as my good wil to pleasle and profyt fayled not, but power only lacked. Hereafter god wyllynge other thynges shalbe taken in hande of me, bothe more wyllynglye and also finished more exactlye, yf I do perceiue these the fyrste fruites of my labours and paynes to be accepted & taken in good worth

Fare well.

Certayne Psalmes of Dauid, drawen into Englyshe meter.

The.li. Psalme.
Miserere mei deus.

Aue mercye lorde, vpon my soule
thy goodnes me restore,
And for thy mercye infinite
my synne thynke on no more.

From wickednes lorde washe thou me
and clense me from my synne,
For I confesse my cupill lyfe
that I before was in.

Onlye to the haue I synned
and done yll in thy syght,
That in thy worbes whe men the iudge
myghtest ouercome by ryghte.

Behold

Beholde I was begotte in ſynne
and ſo my mother bare me
Wherfore I clayme thy ſauynge helthe
Mercy good lorde and ſpare me.

That I maye render vnto the
truthe in the inwarde parte
Then ſecretely I ſhall receiue
thy wyſedome in my hart.

With yſope lorde thou ſprinkell me
And ſo ſhall I be cleane,
And whyter thus ſhall I be made
then euer ſnowe hath ben.

Replenyſhe me with ioye and myrth
my bruſed bones reſtore.
From my myſdedes turne thou thy face
In mynde haue them no more.

A parfyt ſpyrryte and a pure harte
O God renewe in me,
And caſte me not out of thy ſyghe
For myne iniquitie.

Geue me the comfort of thy helpe
And stablyshe me for aye
And I shall then the wicked menne
conuert vnto thy waye.

Delyuer me from bloude gylte
thou god my helth alwayes
Thou shalt open my lyppes to speake
my mouth shall shewe thy praise

Burnt offeringes ye wouldest none haue
elles I had geuen it the
A broken and a contrite harte
is it that pleaseth the.

To Syon lorde be good agayne
after thy godly wylle
and lette thy kyndnes there abyde
thy promys to fulfyll.

Then sacrifices of rightoulnes
thou lorde wilt well regarde
And they shall offer their bullockes
thyne aulter to rewarde.

praise

Praise we the father and the sonne
and eke the holy ghost
As hath ben is and stryll shalbe
in euerye age and coste.

The.lvi.psalme:

Miserere mei deus quoniam.

BE mercyfull to me o god
myne enemies withstande
Which alwayes go about to seke
my lyfe to haue in hand

For they runne dayly to and fro
my body to annoye
And manye they in number be
that weulde my soule destroye

And thoughe sometyme I am afrayd
Yet do I trust in the
Wherefore o lord, I wil not feare
what flesh can do to me.

My wordes alwayes they do miſtake
thus for to do me yll,
Often they do ymagen howe
My lyfe and ſoule to kyll.

They cleue and hold, as thick as burres
and kepe thus on a thronge.
They marke the ſteppes, that I' do vſe
and all to do me wronge.

O lorde for this their wyckednes
thou wylt them ſone confounde
And in thy rage thou ſhalt them caſt
hedlonge vnto the grounde.

My commynge in, and goinge out
is knowen, to the o lorde
And eke my teares, be in thy ſyght
thy worde doth it recorde.

When ſo that I ſhall calle to the
thou wylt guyde me aryghte,
So that my foes ſhall haue no powre
But runne and take their flyght

My

My myzth and ioye is in the wozd
of god, and parlong thze
In hym I truſt and wyll not feare
What man can do to me.

The vowes of thankes and rightoulnes
to the lozde, wyll I geue
My tonge ſhall neuer ſtynt thy prayſe
ſo longe as I here lyue

For thou haſt kept my ſoule from death
and eke my fete from fallynge
That I may walke before thy face
in the lyght, of the lyuyng.

Prayſe we the father. &c.

The. lvii. Pſalme.

Miſerere mei deus.

BE mercyfull to me o god
be mercyfull to me,
My fleſhe, and hart, my ſoule and minde
putteth their truſte in the.

Under

Under the shadowe, of thy wynges
there shall be my defence
Untyll this time of tyrannye
be paste awaye from hence

I call vnto the moost iust god
whyche made both sea and lande
He will perfourme his seruauntes cause
that he dydde take in hande

He shal send downe from heauen aboue
his streiched arme in myghte
And wyl me saue from their reprofe
whiche woulde do me vnryght

God shall sende furth his mercy great
and therwith wyll me arme
And he shall stoppe the lyons mouthes
to saue my soule from harme

For it doth lye amonge those men
that be so set on fyer
Whose teth are speares, their tonges be
so hote is their desyre. Swordes

But

But set thou vp thy selfe o God
and let thy power be knowen.
So that the wycked men in earth
may quyte be ouerthrowen

They lye in waite, and haue laydefurth
a nette to take me in
A pytte allo they made for me
But they be caught therin.

This is the goodnes of my God
Suche comfort to vs raise
My hart alwaye shall ready be
to synge, and to geue prayse

Awake my lute and eke my harpe
and geue forth pleasaunt sounde
And I shall praise the lorde with you
as I therto am bounde

I wyll gyue prayse to the o God
thy people shall it here
And I shall synge vnto thy praise
amonge them euery where

Thy

Thy mercyes greate, excede the heuyns
in bredth and eke in lengthe.
euyn as thy truth doth passe the cloudes
in beuty and in strength.

O God, exalte thy selfe therefore
aboue thy heauyns hye,
Thy glorye is aboue the earth
no man can it denye.

Prayse we the father. &c.

The.c.xiii.psalme.

Laudate pueri.

O All ye seruauntes, prayse the lorde
Prayse ye his holy name,
And euerye thynge that beareth lyfe
Lykewyse do ye the same.

Blesse ye the name, of god the lord
and prayses in great store
Be vnto god and Christe his sonne
From henceforthe euermore.

From

From the vprysynge of the ſonne
vntyll his goinge downe
Prayſe ye the lorde in euery place
both in the feilde and towne.

The lorde is hyghe aboue all landes
his glory paſſe the heauens.
Lyke as the ſonne doth paſſe all lyghte
with clernes of his beames.

Who may be lyke vnto our God
That hath his ſeate on hye,
Whiche wyll not let to ſee the thynges
That on the earth doth lye:

The ſymple men he doth vprayſe
and ſettes them vp alofte
Euyn with the prynces of his flocke
thele be his doynges ofte.

And eke the woman he hath made
that longe before was barren
Nowe ſhe remayneth in her houſe
a glad mother of chyldren.

prayſe

Prayſe we the father. &c.

The .c.xvii. pſalme
Laudate dominum.

O All ye laudes, prayſe ye the lorde
that in the earth doth byde
And euerye thinge that there in is
throughout the worlde ſo wyde

His mercye is to vs alwaye
increasyng more and more
And eke his truth ſhall ſtyll remayne
prayſe ye the lorde therfore

Prayſe we the father. &c.

The .c.xlviii pſalme.
Laudate dominum.

HOw good it is to prayſe the lorde
no tongue can it expreſſe
A ioyfull and a pleaſaunt thinge
the lordes prayſe is endleſs

The lord doth buylde Jerusalem
So that it shall remayne
And the out castes of Israell
he bryngethe home agayne

The lord doth heale, the contrytt hart
and medecyne doth hym gyue
And in his sycknes, thus sayth he,
thou shalt not dye, but lyue

The sterrys also he dothe number
and callyth them by name,
And euerye one in ordet due,
doth awsuer to the same

Great is our god, & eke his power
hys wysdome hath no ende,
He lettyth vp the meke in hart,
the wyckyde do contende,

O synge vnto the lord our god,
a songe of thanckfulnes
Synge prayse vpon the tunyd harpe
hys goodnes to expresse

For

For he doth hyde ỹ heuens with cloudes
that no man mayit ſe
And doth prepare the rayne for earth
to water the plant and tre.

And on the hylles that be ſo hye
he maketh graſſe to growe
And al is for the vſe of man
ſuch kyndenes he doth ſhowe

And eyke the beſtes, that be in feilde
he helpeth, them at nede
And the ponge rauyns, that call on hym
he doth them al wayes fede

As in the ſtrengthe of horſys great
the lord hath no delyght
Nor neyther in the legges of men
that be ſo full of myght

The lordes delyght, is in thoſe men,
that feare, and do hym ſerue,
And they whyche put their truſt in hym,
for mercye ſhal not ſterue

Jeruſalem

Ieruſalem, Ieruſalem
praiſe thou the lorde aboue,
And thou Syon do not forget
his mercy and his loue.

For he hath fortified thy gates
With barres that be ryght ſuer
And he in the hath bleſt thy ſede
for euer to endure.

And in thy borders, he hath ſet
peace in euery place,
Wyth grayne and corne he hath the fild
of him thou founde ſuche grace.

He ſendeth furth his holy worde
the worlde to runne aboute,
That euery mā myght know his powes
and therin haue no dout

He gyueth ſnowe whyter then woll
as we oftene do ſe.
And ſkatereth the hory froſtes
lyke aſhes made of tree.

He caſteth forth his yſe abrode
Whoſe colde no man maye byde
Againe his worde ſone doth them melte
throughout the worlde ſo wyde

To Jacob then the lorde dydde ſhewe
hys worde both pure and right
And Iſrael his ordynaunce
to kepe both day and nyght

He hath not delt with any lande
ſuche kyndnes for to ſhew
Neither his wordes nor yet his lawes
the hethen doth not knowe.

Praiſe we the father. &c.

The ſonge of zacharias.

Benedictus dominus deus Iſrael

THe lorde our god of Iſrael
Be bleſſed now therefore
That hath his people viſited
with mercy euermore

And hath lyft vp his ſauynge helth
that is both kynne and ſtronge
To Dauyd who hys ſeruaunt is
and all that of him ſpronge

As god dyd ſpeake by his prophets
Euen ſynce the worlde begonne
Whoſe ſayinges true ſhall ſtyl remaine
vntyll the worlde be done.

That we ſhulde thus be ſaued than
from all oure enemyes handes
And from thoſe gyantes crueltye
that woulde vs tye with bandes.

This ſhall he do whiche promyſed
Our fathers mercy great
And wyll remember his couenaunte
Of promys that is ſwete

And eke the othe, performe will he
whiche longe before was ſworne
Unto our father Abraham
before that we were borne

That we beynge delyuered
out of the wycked hande
Wyght ſerue the lorde in loue and feare
as well by ſea as lande.

In holynes and rightouſnes
abhorryng bate and ſtryfe
Before the lorde and Chriſte his ſonne
the dayes of all our lyfe.

And then thou chylde ſhalt called be
the prophete of an hye
For thou ſhalt go before the lorde
his worde to preache truelye.

And to geue knowledge of his health
Unto his people deare,
For the forgiuenes of their ſynnes
that they before in were.

And through the mercy of our god
whereby the daye doth ſpringe
That from an hye, doth viſyt vs
and lyghte on earth doth bringe

That

That they whiche ſytte, beneth in darke
and lyght, ther can none ſe
Wyghte ſe to guyde their feete in peace
that they from death mygyt fle.

Prayſe we the father. &c.

The ſonge of the thre chyldren.
Benedicite omnia opera.

O All ye worꝛkes, in heauyn and erth,
and angelles in due oꝛder,
Speake ye good of the loꝛde our god
and ſet hym vp foꝛ euer.

O ye heauyns and waters hyghe
and powers greate perſeuer
To ſpeake good of the loꝛde our god
and ſet him vp foꝛ euer.

O ſunne and mone that is ſo bꝛyght
and ſterres of heauen endeuer,
To ſpeake good of the loꝛde our god
and ſet hym vp foꝛ euer,

O ye

O ye ſhowers ye dewes and wyndes
that goeth no man knoweth whether
Speake ye good of the lord our god
and lette hym vp for euer.

O ye fyer and heat feruent
eke ye wynter and ſommer
Speake ye good of the lorde our god
and let him vp for euer

Ye froſte and colde, with yſe and ſnowe
praiſe ye the lorde together
And ſpeake good of his holy name
and let him vp for euer.

O nyghtes and dayes lyght & darkenes
adioynynge eche together
Speake ye good of the lorde our god
and let him vp for euer.

O mountaynes hylles, & ye grene wods
that fruite in tyme doth render
Speake ye good of the lorde our god
and let him vp for euer.

O all ye welles, with leas, and fludes
and all that mouyth in water
Speake ye good of the lord our god
and let hym vp for euer.

O all ye cattell beaſtes and foules
bearynge heare, or fether,
Speake ye good of the lorde our god
and let hym vp for euer.

O Iſraell prayſe thou the lorde
And eke ye men, and chylder
Speake ye good of the lorde oure god
and let him vp for euer.

Ye prieſtes and ſeruauntes of the lordes
alwayes do your indeuer:
To ſpeake good of the lorde our god
and let him vp for euer.

ye ſoules of men, of meke in harte
from this do not dyſſeuer
To ſpeake good of the lorde our god
and let him vp for euer.

O Ananias Azarias
and Myſaell together
Speake ye good of the lorde oure god
and let him vp for euer

Prayſe we the father and the ſonne
and eke the holy ghoſte
As hath ben, is, and ſtyll ſhalbe
in euery age and coſte
Finis

A THANKESGEVINGE TO
god for delyuerynge from
aduerſitie.
Eccleſiaſtus the laſte.

I thanke the lorde & god my kynge
And praiſe the Chriſte my ſauyour
Early and late whyles I here lyue
Alwaye to exalte thyne honoure.

I wyll yelde prayſe vnto thy name
For thou haſt bene my buckeler
Againſt thoſe men that lought my lyfe
Thou art my ayde and ſorcoure

And hast preserued my body
Frō them that thought to destroy it
With their falle and trayterous tonges
Yet coulde theynothynge anoye it

Thou gauest me the vpperhande
Of them that rose vp against me
So that my foes could find no cause
Of right to triumph ouer me.

When I was compassed rounde about
And no man by that coulde helpe me
I loked backe but none was there
that then myght helpe or succour me

Then lord thought I vpon thine actes
And had in mynde thy great mercye
Namely of olde howe thou doest them
Preserue that put their truste in the

Thus lyft I vp my prayer then
and prayed for delyueraunce
Thou lorde dyddest heare me by and by
Wherof I had perseueraunce,

Therfore wil I acknowledge the

So longe as lyke doth in me byde
I wil not stynt thy name to praise
Throughout the worlde so wyde:
Finis.

The complaynt of a synner.

ALas wretched synner that I am
Comfortles and of men forsaken
A synner into the worlde I came
From whence I knowe I shalbe taken
yet of my synfull lyfe amendynge
to the I crye O Lorde swete Jesus.
Miserere mei deus.

I haue offended both heauen and erth
Nowe whether shall I go or turne me
I haue transgressed from my byrthe
The lawes of god and that greuously
To whome shulde I for succour flye
But vnto the o lorde swete Jesus
Miserere mei deus.

To heauen I dare not lyft vp mine eyes
I haue so lore synned against it

yet

Yet lorde thy seruaunt do not dispise
Whiche wyllyngly doth nowe repent it
Al sinnes hast thou forgeuē & graunted
To hym in faith that doth cry thus
Miserere mei deus.

In earth I fynde no place of defence
I haue ben so noysome vnto it
Shall I dispaire in this my offence
Then am I dampned God forbyd it
My soule shal cry in the lordes presence
Euermore continually thus
Miserere mei deus.

Mercy is with god my sauyour
And he onlye shalbe my refuge
He wyll not dispise his creatoure
Ne yet forsake his owne ymage
But gyueth increase of knowledge
To hym that in faith doth still cry thus
Miserere mei deus.

FINIS.

¶ Imprynted at
London in Aldersgate strete
by the wydowe of Jhon
Herforde, for Jhon
Harrington the
yeare of our
lorde.
M.D.and.L.

Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum.